

WILLIAM RENWICK, SURGEON, APOTHECARY, AND MAN-MIDWIFE,

Begs leave to inform the PUBLIC, that after having practised, for many years, with some of the most learned and skilful professors, (by whom, and others, his qualifications are certified) he has lately settled in the

MARKET-PLACE, on the north-side of the HIGH-STREET, in
BERWICK upon TWEED;

Where he will ever make it his study to give satisfaction to those who shall chuse to employ him in any of the above-mentioned professions.

INOCULATION performed by the ADVERTISER, on the most approved plan:—the prices adjusted to the circumstances of the patients—a consideration which he would seriously recommend to every humane and conscientious practitioner.


Bleeding only sixpence,—toothdrawing, ditto,—to those who come to the Advertiser's shop.

Wanted, a sober youth for an APPRENTICE—who will have the advantage of receiving PRIVATE LECTURES, through the course of his apprenticeship, on each of the afore said branches,—a benefit not commonly bestowed in this part of the world.

All sorts of Medicines sold at the *lowest* prices—the singular goodness of which have been acknowledged by the Faculty.

* * Of the Advertiser may be had, beautifully printed on a fine paper, the genuine History of his own life; in two volumes, price six shillings:—The second edition, embellished with an elegant frontispiece.

To the PUBLIC.

 THE Advertiser is a native of Berwick; and served his apprenticeship (fourteen years ago) to one of the best men that ever the world saw,—whose memory will not be speedily forgot by those who, in his life-time, had the pleasure to participate his acquaintance. This was the late HENRY HODGSON, Esquire; several times MAYOR of this Corporation. Few such men are to be found in this age of degeneracy.—As he was wont to bestow so many (perhaps unmerited) encomiums on the Advertiser, (for whom he had a more than common regard) I have thought it but *grateful* to make this just retaliation due to his own character—which will be delineated more at large in the following advertised publication.

From *his* fate, I anticipate my *own*.—His impartial conduct, genteel spirit, and conscientious tenor of disposition, prevented his growing rich in the practice of physic.—He was therefore the less respected by those who were unacquainted with his merits, and such as were unworthy to be honoured with his friendship; but he ever enjoyed that pleasing serenity of mind, from the conscious discharge of his moral duties, which RICHES could not produce, and to which the less honest practitioner lives estranged.—Though, by pursuing his precepts, I may always continue poor, I shall ever, like him, continue to regard the permanent happiness of a *future* world, before the temporary enjoyment of sublunary acquisitions.—The circumstances of patients shall always be considered in my charges;—no more medicines shall be prescribed than the disease is thought to render necessary;—and if ever fortune should bless me with a moderate independency, I shall require nothing for any service I can do to mankind.

It has been said, that as none of those are now living, who would have exerted themselves most sanguinely in my favor, my success will be very precarious; as it depends more on the extent of particular connections, than sobriety or abilities.—Though I must own that this observation has some truth in it, whoever has read a letter that appeared a few weeks ago, in the London newspapers, (dated from the ISLE OF WIGHT,) will shed a tear of sympathy for the tragical story therein related.—This letter (wherein the disconsolate writer observes, that a good SURGEON may be a bad PHYSICIAN, and vice-versa) will be introduced in the before-named publication, with suitable remarks on the occasion.—The consideration of its contents (wherein the author's sentiments coincide with my own) prevents my claiming any merit, or greater skill, (which is often erroneously thought to be the case) from my having been some years a Surgeon in the army, during the course of the last war.

I can sincerely declare, I bear no enmity to any of my contemporaries, (though the ridiculous behaviour of two of the most inconsiderable of them, causes even their friends to blush for them) and that I heartily wish for that congenial harmony which should ever prevail among the sons of ASCULAPIUS, or the physical fraternity.—To repeat what I affirmed in my last advertisement,—the animadversions I have already published, or may hereafter publish, have not been, or will be suggested either from a malevolent intention towards any particular individual, or *solely* with a view to promote my own interest; but chiefly from that regard to the PUBLIC WELFARE which every member of society ought religiously to observe.—But whatever

umbrage my envious brethren may take at my open and ingenuous dealing with mankind. I cannot but think it more fair than endeavouring to delude the public by private artifice and imposition,—such as wearing **BOOTS** instead of **Shoes**, with a view to be thought very much employed in country-business.—This supposed allurements causes many practitioners in physic to keep horses, who have otherwise no occasion for them, and who often return from their journey without having alighted.—But however such stale artifice may succeed with the mis-prejudiced and those who want sense to see through the imposition, it can never prevail with the disinterested and discerning part of mankind.

Another stratagem is,—that of pretending to have saved **FIVE HUNDRED POUND**, with the **DOUBLE** view of attracting **BUSINESS**, and procuring a **WIFE** with, at least, an equal fortune.—But this disguise, too, is easily perceived by the sensible and considerate; one of whom asking his informer, who told him of our love-adventurer's amassed riches, was answered, it had been affirmed as fact by such-a-one; who, upon enquiry, said, he had heard it from such-a-one; and that, from another; till, at length, it was found to have **ORIGINALLY** proceeded from our Hero's own assertion; who might as well have called his five hundred pound **ATHOUSAND**; so easily are the credulous prepossessed!

The friends of my opposers, ere I was yet settled, would fain have persuaded me, from motives that will readily appear to my intelligent readers, to settle in some *other* place.—One or two of my **DULL** brethren, unable to confute the sentiments in my last address to the public, (which has been repeatedly scrutinized for that purpose) are pleased to assert, that my stile is so obscure and ungrammatical, that they cannot comprehend me.—These are not the first **LATIN DUNCES** I have been acquainted with.—I was once employed to write a particular essay for one of these sons of **DUINNESS**, who had studied some years at one of our celebrated **UNIVERSITIES**, and was in expectation of an **HONORARY** degree,—which, like our physical diplomas, are frequently very injudiciously bestowed; an instance of each will be given in our pamphlet.—To return to our **ANTICK** grammarian, it may be added, that **NATURAL** sense is not to be acquired from an acquaintance with the Latin language.—Whoever has but little of the former, will not be much benefitted by the latter.

I should too much demean myself, were I to take any farther notice of such **PETTY CRITICS**, than applying the words of **CICERO**, *Damnante quod non intelligunt*.

The tide of opposition, I am informed, will be very strong against me,—for reasons that do me too much *honor* to be mentioned by my own pen.—I shall only subjoin, that without having the advantage of numerous relations, or particular connections, to recommend me, or to circulate any thing in my favor, I rely on the **DIVINE PROVIDENCE** for the success of my endeavors.—*Fortes fortuna adjuvat.*

**** Nothing is here levelled at Mr. C—LL; who has applied to himself the contents of my LAST advertisement.—Qui capir, ille facit.**

To be published by subscription, handsomely printed on a fine paper, in octavo, price one shilling and six-pence, dedicated to the Royal Colleges of Physicians in London and Edinburgh,

SERIOUS ADDRESS to the PUBLIC; OR, PHYSICAL OBSERVATIONS:

Discovering the ignorance and iniquitous proceedings of APOTHECARIES,—to whom a Dedication is likewise prefixed.

Being an introduction to a larger work, intended to be hereafter committed to the eye of the public; wherein the absurd and unfair practice of illiterate and avaritious practitioners will be candidly displayed, and the cure of diseases elucidated in a more concise and satisfactory manner than is to be found in more voluminous writings.—Designed for the instruction of STUDENTS and young PHYSICIANS, as well as the public in general,—or such as would be enabled to ascertain the abilities and probity of those to whom they commit the care of their health; and containing two very TRAGICAL NARRATIVES, with an occasional eulogy on one of them, and a poetical satire on ignorant practitioners.

BY

W. RENWICK, of BERWICK upon TWEED, SURGEON.

Thou shalt not kill!

Subscriber's names received by the AUTHOR. The money to be paid on the delivery of the book.

To the PUBLIC.

Whoever deliberately attends to the conduct of many practitioners in physic, and the manner in which disorders are frequently treated, can scarcely forbear concernedly to commiserate the fate of those deluded patients committed to their care.—However happy such practitioners may think themselves in the consideration of MAKING MONEY, they would be *less* so, were they seriously to remember the sixth commandment, and the expressive proverb,

Tempus præteritum nunquam revertitur.

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